DUELLING:

A

POEM.

By SAMUEL HAYES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Honestius putamus quod frequentius, recti apud nos locum semel error, ubi publicus factus. SENECA.

CAMBRIDGE:

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON, Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For T. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall, J. ROBSON & Co. in New Bond Street, B. WHITE, in Fleet Street, J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church Yard, F. KNIGHT, in St. James's Street, and W. GINGER, in College Street, Westminster, and J. & J. FLETCHER, and D. PRINCE, at Oxford.

MDCCLXXV.

A Clauſe of Mr. SEATON's Will, Dated *Oct.* 8. 1738.

I Give my Kiſlingbury Eſtate to the Univerſity of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which ſhall be diſpoſed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Maſter of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Profeſſor for the time being, or any two of them ſhall agree. Which three perſons aforeſaid ſhall give out a Subject, which Subject ſhall for the firſt year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and ſo the ſucceeding Years, till the Subject is exhauſted; and afterwards the Subject ſhall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever elſe may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Maſter of Clare-Hall, and Greek Profeſſor, to be moſt conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they ſhall yearly diſpoſe of the Rent of the above Eſtate to that Maſter of Arts, whoſe Poem on the Subject given ſhall be beſt approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in Engliſh, and to be printed; the expence of which ſhall be deducted out of the product of the Eſtate, and the reſidue given as a reward for the Compoſer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verſes.

WE the underwritten, do aſſign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1775, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on DUELLING; and direct the ſaid Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 24. 1775.

W. Elliſton, Dep. Vice-Chancellor.
P. S. Goddard, Maſter of Clare-Hall.
J. Lambert, Greek Profeſſor.

DUELLING:

A POEM.

FROM the bleſt Realms of everlaſting Day,
Where Happier Angels ſit enthron'd in Bliſs,
Immortal bliſs, O ſacred Honor hear!
Thou Guide to Courage, Virtue's pure Defence,
Inſulted Truth's firm adamantine Shield:
Thou by whoſe flame inſpir'd, th' intrepid Greek
Repell'd the torrent of barbarian arms
Aiming at Freedom's Life; By whom Fabricius
Richer in uncorrupted Poverty,
Diſdain'd the Tyrant's proſtituted Gold:
So in ſucceeding Ages, when Ambition
With giant arm for Europe's trembling States

Forg'd the deſpotick chain, Britannia's Sons
Unſheath'd th' avenging ſword, and ſtern in Arms,
From Gallia's proſtrate Genius ſnatch'd the Spear,
Blaſting Tyrannick Pride. Theſe were thy works,
Fair Honor, until Man Apoſtate turn'd,
Spurning thy Voice, with interdicted blood
The Tablature of ſocial Love defac'd!
Thou and Aſtræa then, from this vile world
Exil'd by Guilt, to Heav'n for refuge fled.
O deign awhile, (an earthly Viſitant)
To animate the ſtrain, inſtruct the Muſe
To vindicate thy violated Rites,
And hurl a Tyrant from thy Throne uſurp'd!

Lo on a Rock wide op'ning to the View,
Lav'd by the ambient deep, a Temple ſtands,
Bright with barbarick Gold, and orient Gems,
The Edifice at diſtance ſeen appears
The work of Architect divine: Approach,
It's Glories leſſen to the mental Eye
Of probing reaſon, ev'ry part is found
The work of human ſkill: On the dread top

Which ſeems to dart itſelf among the Clouds,
Form'd by the Sculptor's imitative hand,
Stand Courage, Reputation, Glory, Fame,
The watchful Guardians of the God within.
But hark the Portals open, at the Sound
What num'rous Tribes appear! Thro' the rough Sea,
Though in the gloomy waves, each hallow'd Tie
That binds the human Soul, be overwhelm'd,
On to the Fane they ruſh, there o'er the Shrine
Grim Moloch ſits; He, when the fiery bolt
Launch'd from th' avenging Arm of Nature's King
Had hurl'd to Hell's abyſs the rebel Crew,
For Man's deſtruction wove th' infernal Web:
By Lucifer commiſſion'd, thro' the gates
Of Erebus he wing'd his way to Earth;
O'er many a Realm, ſwoln with deſtructive Guile
The Stygian Agent flew; Where ſocial Love
In union ſweet attun'd the tranquil mind,
Where ſacred Virtue rais'd the glowing thought
From Earth's low confines to th' immortal God,
The Fiend indignant gnaſh'd, ſuch human bliſs
Thro' ev'ry fibre ſhot diſtracting Pangs;

Stung with the ſight Imagination ſaw
The Heav'n Ambition loſt, the Hell it gain'd.
Outſtretch'd at length beneath the Northern Sky
He check'd his ſpeed, and mark'd the deſart Scene;
Here ſtormy Scandinavia's iron race,
There Scythia's wand'ring Clans, rude as the Blaſt
Which ſweeps along th' inhoſpitable Coaſts,
Held ſavage Rule; No ray of Science yet
Had ſhed it's ſoft'ning Pow'r, no ſocial Bond
By laws coercive temper'd headſtrong Rage:
To roam the ſterile waſte, o'er frozen tracts
To hunt the ſhaggy Tenants of the Heath,
Form'd all their Triumph, all their Pleaſure form'd.
Here the dread Dæmon ſtopp'd, and downward glanc'd
A ſcowling Eye; Joy elevates his creſt,
Malignant Vengeance brightens at the View.
On Earth the Monſter lights, nor longer bears
The ſemblance of his fall'n eſtate; That face,
Which erſt by haughty indignation writh'd,
Mark'd the keen tortures of deſponding Pride,
Now wore another form; Thy graceful Mien,
Fair Honor, thy majeſtick Port, the Fiend

Exter-

Externally aſſum'd; within his breaſt
No change was wrought, the ſame vindictive fire,
The ſame Tartarean Guile, unalter'd there
In characters of Adamant remain'd.
Forth 'midſt the North's unletter'd Tribes he ſtalk'd,
Scatt'ring fell poiſon thro' the rankling Heart:
Like blaſting Vapor's peſtilential breath
Shot from infectious Eurus, when the Sun
Darting diſaſtrous Rays in Leo rides,
The venom taints the mind, with madd'ning Rage
Thro' every fibre ſweeps, and fires the Soul:
Nor ended here the wound; From Realm to Realm
Th' Apoſtate roam'd and ſow'd the fatal ſeed.
As the rude ſtream ſwoln with deſcending rains
Foams o'er it's banks, and with tyrannick ſweep
Pours inundation o'er th' adjacent lands,
So from the frozen deſarts of the North
Ruſh the impetuous Clans; Imperial Rome
Whelm'd in the conflict, totters to her Baſe;
Infected Europe bleeds, thro' all her States
Deſpotick riots the rude law of Arms,
Marring domeſtick Peace, and ſocial Joys.

What

What tho' emerging from this Gulf the Mind
With heav'n born vigor fraught, pierces the Gloom
Where Ign'rance reign'd, and o'er th' enlighten'd ſenſe
Darts the bright beams of ſcientifick Day,
Thou ſtill, Europa, 'midſt each riſing Art,
And all the Treaſures Science hath diſclos'd,
Behold'ſt thy Sons, in frantick error loſt,
With raſh hand cancel ev'ry hallow'd Tie:
In vain the voice of bleeding Nature calls;
Tho' that ſupernal Judge enſhrin'd above,
Whoſe laws by everlaſting Wiſdom fram'd,
Thro' all Eternity will ſtand ſupreme,
Tho' he doom torment on th' offender's head,
All cannot counteract th' award of Man;
Infernal Moloch on his vengeful Throne
Stands up ſole Monarch of the proſtrate World;
And pleas'd with blood, that dearly purchas'd blood,
Whoſe current ſtopp'd, the vital ſprings in vain
Their functions keep in many a wretched Sire,
In agonizing Widows, orphan Sons,
The Tyrant ſmiles amidſt the general Wreck.

O whither then can Virtue fly! O where,
When Calumny impels the venom'd ſhaft,
And brawling Malice tells the damned Tale,
Shall martyr'd Innocence a refuge find!
Deſpotick Cuſtom, Error's ſov'reign Gloſs,
Whoſe magick Luſtre can irradiate Guilt,
And beam forth Glory on the fouleſt deeds,
Points to the Sword—There lies thy ſole Appeal,
Let Courage ſtand the hazard of the Die!
But if thy coward Spirit chill'd by fear
Reject the teſt, if Scandal's vip'rous tongue,
Though hourly pointed at thy head, can't force
Thee to ſuch tryal of thy wounded worth,
Hence interdicted live, a prey to ſcorn
And galling Shame; drag on an abject life,
Stripp'd of the jewel Honor, 'till the Tale
Be told to ev'ry Ear, till thou thyſelf,
Who beyond Virtue, Worth, and ev'ry Name
Which open Honeſty holds dear, could'ſt prize
Exiſtence vile, be made the publick mark
For Scorn to move her pointed finger at.
O Sentence dreadful to the gen'rous Man,

Who deems the vital breath no longer worth
A wiſh, than while unſullied Probity
Can guard the manſion pure from foul reproach!
Hence to the Field at Honor's ſtern beheſts
The daring Spirit flies; Corroſive darts
Launch'd from Detraction's arm with deadly Aim,
Poiſon internal Peace; The wounded Heart
Diſtracted by the raging flame within,
Awake alone to ignominious ſhame,
Yields to the conflict, ne'er tranſmits a Thought
Beyond the narrow boundaries of Earth,
But prodigal of Life burns for Revenge.
Doſt thou, deluded Slave, for Vengeance burn?
And how to be obtain'd! By ſeizing that,
The right of which alone to him belongs
Who gave the precious Gift—
"But Honor calls,
"That tutelary Pow'r which ſways the brave,
"Commands that he who violates my Fame,
"Should thus in Arms maintain th' opprobrious Charge."
Shall Honor then, that viſionary term
Fram'd but to authorize infernal Crimes,

Which,

Which, the falſe Meteor of a troubled Sky,
To Ruin's yawning Precipice allures
With unſubſtantial light the devious ſtep,
Shall that ſubvert the high decree of Heav'n,
And cancel ev'ry bond 'twixt Man and Man?
This Deity (whoſe Altars reek with Blood)
Though Millions bend the proſtituted knee
Before the radiant Shrine, though Millions own
His pow'r vindictive juſt, and call him Honor,
All cannot ſanctify what publick good,
What Nature's moral dictates diſavow,
And Heav'n's almighty mandate impious deems.

Or doſt thou hither come with naked Point,
(Poor ſemblance of internal fortitude)
To vindicate thy Courage from the wounds
Which Tongue licentious may inflict?
"Shall I,
"When foul Detraction aims her ſhaft at me,
"Submiſſive bend, and by ſubmiſſion vile
"Confirm the accuſation? Thus at once
"Give up the deareſt Jewel in the Crown

Of human Life, and for the mean deſertion
Be mark'd a Coward in the publick Eye;
And all for what? Becauſe I baſely chooſe,
Chain'd to the Oar of wretched Life, to live
A daſtard Slave, at whoſe ignoble Head
Each puny Villain may diſcharge his dart,
Nor feel the Point recoil — Deteſted Thought—
Vengeance be thou my Guide, my Sinews brace,
Drive from my brain each low and mean Idea
Which ſtrives to warp my Soul. Oppoſing Fate
May to the grave ſink this devoted frame,
Surviving Malice then will blunt her Edge,
And Honor twine his Laurels round my tomb."
Deluſive Pageantry of ſpecious words!
True manly Courage ſpurns ſuch idle warmth;
That Man alone is truly brave, whoſe Soul
By Virtue tutor'd, by Religion ſway'd,
At their Tribunal ev'ry impulſe ſcans.
Think'ſt thou 'twas rage like this which warm'd the Greek
And Roman breaſt, which bade th' immortal Muſe
In Glory's Temple regiſter their Names,
And conſecrate their deeds thro' ev'ry Age?

Heroick

Heroick Spirits ſoar a loftier flight;
'Tis their's the bleeding Captive to redreſs,
In Arms to check Ambition's creſted pride,
On Tyrants' necks to fix fair Freedom's throne,
And for the Publick ſhed their deareſt blood.
Go haunt the deſart, in the foreſt's tracts
View the proud Tenants of the drear domains,
Th' imperial Lion, tow'ring Elephant,
The ſpotted Tyger ſmear'd with well-earn'd blood;
View theſe, then in the converſe ſee thyſelf!
By inſtinct led they ſeize the ſylvan ſpoil,
And thou by Paſſion madded aim'ſt at Man;
The Lion wars not with the Lion, Tygers
On Tygers prey not: as inſtinctive heat
Impels, each nobler Beaſt purſues his game.
Shall Man then, in the image of his God
With form erect created, Heav'n-inſpir'd
Thither to raiſe his thoughts, apoſtate turn
From Nature's laws, and by a deed of death
Give his own race to the deſtructive ſword?
Nay more, ſuppoſe thy utmoſt wiſh poſſeſs'd,
The foul Detractor welt'ring at thy feet,

What hath the Conqueſt gain'd? That probing Pow'r
Lodg'd in the human breaſt, Conſcience will tell;
Her ſcorpion ſting pervades each deep receſs,
Her awful Voice will tell thee, what the Conqueſt,
And what the Purchaſe is; The Triumph here,
Is over Nature, Juſtice, Heav'n's high laws;
The fruits, heart-rending Anguiſh, keen Remorſe,
Th' avenging Horrors of a guilty mind.
The boſom of a Friend perhaps thine hand
Hath pierc'd; Perhaps, O complicated Woe,
That Friend, a Son and Father; One, on whoſe
Benignant care, a rev'rend Sire bow'd down
By the bleak winter of unſhelter'd Age,
His ſole Support had reſted; One, on whom
A virtuous Wife had plac'd her all; to whom,
Unable to redreſs their own hard lot,
An infant Race in Life ow'd all ſupport.
See what a Chain of Comfort thy raſh Hand
At once hath ſever'd — Doſt thou now repent?
Can penitential tears renew the ſpark
Of Life? can they, O agonizing thought!
Can they give back the Huſband, Son and Father?

Here

Here let the Muſe (nor thou, O letter'd pride
Deem the digreſſion vain) by moral Tale
Enforce her precepts! To the frantick Crowd
Poets of old on nobleſt purpoſe bent
Have thus arraign'd aſpiring vice, have thus,
By Fiction's magick wand torn off the film
From ſelf-love's partial eye confounding Guilt,
By holding up to the enlighten'd ſenſe,
The counterfeit preſentment of itſelf.—
Honorius and Aſpaſia join'd by Love,
In marriage bleſt, had now eight happy Years
Together liv'd; No comfort either knew
Save what was mutual, no contracted wiſh
Ruffled the current of domeſtick Peace:
Four infant Pledges (the fair op'ning Buds
Of future bleſſings) grac'd their bliſsful ſeat.
One common Friend they had, worthy the Name
Of Friend, not ſuch as they whoſe ſordid ſenſe
To opulence alone it's ſervice binds,
But firm, prepar'd at Friendſhip's hallow'd voice,
To ſtem all perils Fortune might oppoſe.
Thus happy paſs'd their Hours in bliſs ſerene,

Bliſs too ſerene to laſt thro' checquer'd Life;
Malignant Envy tortur'd at the worth
She cannot reach, which ever pines to ſee
The ſmiles of Fortune in a virtuous Train,
With haggard Eye beheld the conſtant Pair,
Nor ceas'd the Fury thus; an artful tale
To ev'ry ear ſhe told, an Huſband's wrongs,
The Friend, the Wife, to Infamy conſign'd:
Honorius doubted firſt; perplexing doubts,
Like Serpent's eggs expos'd to Indian Suns,
Kindled by Jealouſy's hot breath were ſoon
Matur'd to dreadful Birth; The jaundic'd Eye
Diſtemper'd by the poiſon at the Heart,
Makes trifles light as air ſubſtantial Proofs,
In ev'ry action ſees the Friend Alphonſo
Maſter of falſe Aſpaſia's wanton Charms.

O where is now that ſympathetick Chord,
Whoſe ſweet vibration ſooth'd the placid Soul!
In oppoſition bloody ſee the Friend
To Friendſhip's ſtifled impulſe dead—In vain
Alphonſo diſavow'd the charge, in vain

To

To Innocence and holy Truth appeal'd;
" 'Tis timid Guilt (Honorius cry'd) black Guilt
" Which can inflict, but dares not vindicate
" The wound it gives, makes such a mean Appeal.
" Had'ſt thou, a vile Apoſtate from thy faith,
" By treach'rous Malice to the loweſt Gulf
" Of abject Penury conſign'd this head,
" My conſtant heart had brav'd the ruthleſs ſtorm—
" But there to point the deſolating Shaft,
" Where raptur'd fancy garner'd up it's all,
" And fondly call'd the precious Gem it's own,
" To diſpoſſeſs the ſacred Seat of that—
" Diſcarded Love to fiery anger turn'd
" Unſheaths the ſword, and conſecrates Revenge.
" Be now that open Man my Soul once thought thee,
" With reſolution firm give anſwer thus."
" Hence with thy ſword, (Alphonſo ſaid) think not
" The conſcience ſelf-approv'd ſhrinks back appall'd!
" When Juſtice calls to arms, the truly brave,
" Obedient to her call, are ready found,
" Nor ever ſtart from Danger's honeſt face:
" But here to meet one arm'd againſt himſelf,

" And

" And for a Madman's rage, with deſp'rate thruſt
" Urge on fell murther—Earth and Heav'n forbid!
" Arreſt thy frantick hand—A moment ſtay!
" And let the ſolemn pauſe be well employ'd;
" 'Tis now an awful Criſis, which exacts
" Attention due; Thou ſtand'ſt upon the edge
" Of an unfathomable Precipice,
" Eternity's drear gulf, and dar'ſt thou plunge
" Nor fix one thought on what Futurity
" May cauſe to thine immortal nobler Part?
" O if thou can'ſt turn thy bewilder'd ſenſe
" Back to the world thou fly'ſt from! Are there left
" No claims behind to check vindictive rage?
" There are—All-pow'rful Nature ſpeaks in me,
" And will have Audience e'er the Die be thrown.
" Lo an indulgent wife, in ev'ry Grace,
" In pureſt Virtue rich, looks up to thee
" Her ſole ſupport, the object ſole belov'd:
" And wilt thou leave her on a dang'rous Sea
" Where rending ſtorms from ev'ry Quarter blow;
" Here quit your hallow'd Truſt, where ev'ry Hour
" Deſtruction in the maſk of ſolemn Love,

" Where

" With ſubtle poiſon tempts the female Breaſt?
" O think, while yet Reflection may avail;
" If ſtill that love ſurvive, which at the Shrine
" Of Heav'n's high Majeſty, thy myſtick Hand
" Proffer'd, do not for proſtituted terms
" Of human Honor abrogate the Bond!
" Thy Children too, as yet in Infancy,
" Muſt they fall Victims to a Father's Phrenſy?
" Aſſert the Man! Through Nature's ample Range,
" Benignant inſtinct animates the Senſe;
" The ſavage Parent, though her body ſmart
" Pierc'd by the Hunter's Spear, and Life's dear drops
" Courſe one another down her crimſon'd ſide,
" Fir'd at the cries of her defenceleſs Young
" Calls up her ſtrength, and with expiring Pang
" Full at the Hunter aims the guardian blow.
" Wilt thou be deaf to ſuch a Voice? O think,
" Poor naked wand'rers in this thorny Vale
" What perils may oppreſs them! Who will guide
" Their trembling ſteps thro' Life's perplexing Maze?
" Misfortune's edge, ſharp Poverty's chill hand,
" May like the fury of the icy North,
" Lay waſte thoſe buds, which thy parental care

"Had cheriſh'd into Virtue's bloſſoms"—"Hold,
(Honorius cry'd) "nor by mean parley hope
"To counteract my vengeance"—At the word
He ruſh'd: When lo (O Paſſion's fev'rous heat
How doſt thou weaken Man) his eager foot
Faſſe to his hopes, betray'd it's truſt; He fell,
And in his breaſt receiv'd Alphonſo's Point,
Which Nature had unſheath'd for ſelf-defence.

Quick to Aſpaſia flew the dire Event
On Envy's eagle wing—But O what words
Can paint the deep diſtreſs! At the dread Sound
Her tongue it's functions loſt, to Heav'n ſhe rais'd
In ſilent Anguiſh her diſtracted Eye,
And like a Wretch by ſudden light'ning ſtruck,
Who lives unconſcious of the vital breath,
She ſtood transfix'd, a Monument of Woe.
Her infant train with ſympathetick graſp
Their tender arms around Aſpaſia threw,
And ign'rant of the cauſe for which they wept,
Pour'd forth their little ſouls in guſhing tears.
Here turn thine Eye, deluded Man, behold

The widow'd Mother, and the Orphan Child,
Objects ſo late with ev'ry comfort bleſt,
By a diſtemper'd Ideot's rage at once
Cut off from Huſband, Father and Protector!
Let not the ſtriking Picture ſpeak in vain;
Should'ſt thou perchance be like Honorius urg'd,
Let Reaſon, Nature, and parental Love
Be arbiters between thy rage and thee.
Does foul Detraction perſecute thy fame?
If inward Conſcience ratify the tale,
Why ſhould thy frantick hand in deeper guilt
Whelm thy polluted Soul? By virtuous deeds
Confront the charge, 'till reeſtabliſh'd Worth
Like noon-day Sun, diſperſe the low'ring Clouds.
If Conſcience ſtamp the Accuſation falſe,
What need of other teſt to ſet thee free?
Be conſcious Innocence thine only ſhield:
As the firm Rock, againſt whoſe tow'ring ſtrength
Th' indignant ſurge in ſounding Billows chafes,
Defies the Torrent's iterated War;
So Virtue on her own celeſtial baſe
Secure, though Calumny's infernal fury
Empty whole quivers on her injur'd Head,

Braves the malignant ſtorm, and while the World,
That tyrant Idol of the heated Brain,
Arraigns her Actions, to the ſacred Goal
Where Juſtice and Religion point, ſerene
Amid the beating Tempeſt, holds her Courſe.

Rouſe from the liſtleſs trance, thy mental ſight
Is dimm'd by Paſſion, thy diſtemper'd Soul
Is alienated from all moral ties
By mean ſubjection to ideal nothings.

Lo on the everlaſting Stone engrav'd,
"No murther ſhalt thou do." From God to Man
The ſolemn law came down: By ſpecious Gloſs
Of ſubtle Learning, think not to evade
The great Command; 'Twas ratify'd on Earth,
The Mountain rock'd, round Sinai's trembling ſides
In gloomy Spires the dreadful Smoke aroſe;
Angelick Trumpets pierc'd th' ethereal Vault;
Wide ecchoing Thunder rent the conſcious Air;
Fierce Lightning ſhot it's terrors thro' the Sky;
All Nature ſpake, and with convulſive ſhock
Gave awful proof of the deſcending God.

O if a Spark of heav'nly fire remain,
Lift up thy Soul which to the narrow verge
Of ebbing Life thus fixes every wiſh;
Break thro' the ſervile bonds falſe Honor frames,
Nature and Heav'n will conſecrate the breach.
Behold the founder of the Chriſtian Faith,
Contemplate him whoſe ev'ry word was pure;
Whoſe Life was all Beneficence and Love!
Though arm'd with Pow'r to call avenging Fire
From Heav'n, or cauſe the conſcious Earth to burſt,
And open wide her ſubterraneous Womb,
He yields his patient head, 'midſt Tortures calm,
He breaths a pray'r for thoſe (tranſcendent Goodneſs)
For thoſe who bound him to th' opprobrious Tree.
And wilt thou then to ſuch example blind,
Dare violate with blood that bleſſed Peace
Thus ſanctify'd on Earth? Let Millions rail,
Detraction's venom'd fury brand thy name;
Hence warn'd, 'tis better far to ſuffer all
The canker'd tooth of Malice can inflict,
Than with rude Inſult break the ſacred Law,
Though ſhouting Millions authorize the Deed.

11:7:19

O if a Spark of heav'nly fire remain,
Lift up thy Soul which to the narrow verge
Of ebbing Life thus fixes every wish;
Break thro' the fervile bonds of vile Honor frames,
Nature and Heav'n will consecrate the breach.
Behold the founder of the Christian Faith,
Contemplate him whole ev'ry word was pure;
Whole Life was all Beneficence and Love!
Though arm'd with Pow'r to call avenging Fire
From Heav'n, or cause the convulsions Earth to hurl,
And open wide her subterraneous Womb,
He yields his patient head, midst Tortures calm,
He breaths a pray'r for those (transcendent Goodness!)
For those who heard him to th' opprobrious Tree.
And wilt thou then to such example blind,
Dare violate with blood that sacred Peace
Thus sanctify'd on Earth? Let Millions rail,
Detraction's venom'd fury blast thy name;
Hence warn'd, 'tis better far to suffer all
The clam'rous tooth of Malice can distil,
Than with rude knife to pierce the sacred Law,
Though flouting Millions misbelieve the Dead.